

various state departments and services. Publicity is the one effective safeguard against the dangers of bureaucracy, and in a community in

which practically every adult person is an elector, the bureaucracy does, in the last resort, reflect the spirit of the community itself.

The Anglo-French Review

A DESTROYER AND A TYPHOON: A SAILOR'S LETTER

It was at 7 A.M. on Thursday, August 31, that the Exe and Dee, having completed their battle practice off Wei-hai-wei, proceeded in company bound for Shanghai. When we left, there was nothing more suspicious about the weather than the prospect of rain from the southeast. The aneroid stood at 30.20, while a light breeze came from the south-southwest. As the signal station gave no weather warning, we gayly set off at 15 knots expecting to reach Shanghai about five o'clock in the afternoon of the following day.

The dawn of September 1 broke without revealing anything worse about the weather than the prospect of a wet day, and the reflection that it would be an unsuitable day for partridge shooting or for yachting.

About 4 A.M. (September 1), the aneroid stood at 30.00, wind S.E., force 3. At 8 A.M. the aneroid had fallen a tenth since the previous reading; the wind had backed to east and had increased to 5. Toward the southeast, from which direction a considerable swell had set in, the sky presented an uncanny appearance and the weather looked decidedly threatening.

At half-past twelve the situation was as follows: By dead reckoning I should have been about eight miles from land right ahead, and the ques-

tion was, should I force on or not? Not having been at all certain of my deviation, my assumed longitude might have been fifteen minutes wrong. It was impossible now to see more than two or three miles. The aneroid had dropped to 29.60 and was still falling at an alarming rate. The wind and sea were rising from the eastward, and the appearance of the sky from the southeast was dreadfully ominous; in fact it seemed no longer possible to doubt the rapid approach of a typhoon. Supposing I hung on to my course, would the sighting of land be of much help? If I saw any strange land, was it reasonable to suppose that I would be able to detect its exact identity from the chart?

As my range of vision was getting less than a mile, you can imagine the alluring prospect of negotiating the pilotage of those rock-girt Saddle Islands in the hope of shelter. A sheltered anchorage for a 'swollen-head' * destroyer: memories of Argostoli! So you will hardly be surprised that I determined on (what then appeared to me) the lesser of the two evils. I decided to face the open sea, where I might more reasonably seek salvation by virtue of our high forecastle than by risking some unknown anchorage where our high bows and inadequate

* The 'River' class destroyers had been given this characteristic sobriquet as they were the first to have high forecastles.

ground tackle would cause us to drag on shore and thus result in our damnation.

The decision made, Lieutenant Domvile* and Mr. Scanlan, the gunner, busied themselves in securing all movable gear, and at 4 P.M. the former cheerily reported that 'preparations for the worst' had been made and that all was snug.

My consort had been lost sight of at 3 P.M., but at 6 P.M., when the rain happened to be less torrential, she reappeared about two cables on our beam, and I then managed to repeat her the signal, 'Rendezvous, in case of separation, etc., at Shanghai.' The mention of Shanghai, at that early stage of the game, was to my mind somewhat over-confident, but as the Signal Book only deals with *terrestrial* localities I had perforce to be optimistic as to the *locale* of our next merry meeting.

When 'darkness was upon the face of the deep,' the Dee was (not altogether to my grief, since it was painful to watch her struggles) again lost sight of. The extraordinary attitudes she had assumed and the contortions she went through were more interesting than reassuring. At times she would be poised on the boiling crest of a sea, her forepart high and dry (so to speak), leaving her keel visible from the bow to below the conning tower; the after-part, also naked, showing her propellers racing in the air. Then she would take a dive, an intervening wave would blot out this merry picture, and then, to one's relief as the wave passed by, a mast would appear waving on the other side until, thank God, one would catch sight of her funnels and then her hull still above water. It required little imagination to realize that the Exe was behaving in a similar manner. It was with great

difficulty that one could hold on to the bridge: my avoirdupois commenced to tell on my arms and legs; they began to get weary with the strain.

Domvile's cheerfulness had now received a check; his 'number one piece' awning bin had been washed into a cocked hat, and the majority of the awnings had disappeared over the side. These losses, however, could be officially replaced, but it was indeed a solemn matter when it also meant that the whole of his laboriously acquired deck cloths had been swept clean away forever without much chance of replacement. Months and months of scheming to make the Exe look nice, and then in a few brief moments to see the whole collection of niceties swept over the side. From 'the high and lofty bridge' I had watched the wave which had been guilty of this destruction. I thought the ship would have risen and passed over it, but the highly inquisitive crest of this sea came bounding inboard just before the after pair of funnels. The foremost portion of the awning bin surrendered in one act, and its contents accompanied the cascade in its exit over the stern. An engine-room and a boiler-room cowl had been unshipped, and were cruising about the upper deck trying to keep motion with the ship. The dinghy looked distinctly unhappy and crushed. Awnings were floating about, and the state of the upper deck generally presented a sorry sight.

Domvile, with Eldridge, the torpedo instructor, and a few other men, struggling with the help of life lines, were soon to work on salvage operations. Carruthers* then appeared on the scene of the disaster and ruefully inspected the gaping apertures (vacated by the cowls) leading down to the engine room and after stokehold. This

* First Lieutenant of the Exe.

* Engineer Lieutenant-Commander of the Exe.

seemed indeed serious, as it was obvious from Carruthers's report that water was finding its way through these openings more rapidly than could be pumped or ejected overboard. The battening-down flaps, you will remember, are, for some shoregoing reason, fitted in the *movable* part of the cowl, a device which obviously serves no useful purpose when the movable part is removed bodily by a sea. The fixed coaming, however, standing over two feet above the level of the deck, and surrounded by a flange (on which the cowls revolve), seemed to lend itself for battening down by lashing canvas across, but it required some searching in my denuded ship to discover a piece of canvas for the purpose; moreover, rope was scarce. However, the job was done at last and not too soon, as Carruthers had expressed anxiety regarding the choking of the pumps and ejectors. The stokehold plates had worked away from their frames, thus permitting ash and small coal to wash about and choke up the ejector orifices. It may, or may not, have been some humorous consolation to Carruthers to have borne in mind that the insecurity of the stokehold plates had been inserted in our latest Defect List, but had been blue-penciled as unnecessary by some dockyard pundit, whose business, apparently, it was to know better than sea officers.

From Carruthers I grasped that there was just cause for anxiety unless the ejectors could be cleared. As you know, the use of the ejectors involves an exorbitant amount of steam, alias water; I had the two unlit boilers to veer and haul on for water, but, taking into consideration (a) my remaining coal supply with its particular bunker disposition, (b) the absolute uncertainty as to how long or how far I should be forced to steam (at the most uneconomical consumption) away from

the land, and (c) the possibility of having to light up in my remaining boilers on account of the position of the coal (or for some more desperate reason), with these thoughts running through my mind, you may appreciate that I, the wretched Captain, was beginning to feel bored. But Carruthers was quite equal to the occasion. To clear the ejector orifices necessitated men working on the bulkhead side of the boilers, which, as you are aware, means an acrobatic descent down a small manhole door and working in a space which only permits one man at a time. Remember, too, that the boilers concerned were alight, and so imagine the excessive heat. Add to this the lurching of the ship, also that this watertight hatch had to be closed as soon as the man had descended, to prevent a surfeit of water getting below.

I do not know what Carruthers's feelings on the situation were, but I was very conscious of my own. I was impressed with the knowledge that, if the ejectors could not be made to function, it was only a matter of time before the fires would be flooded, and yet, whenever the noise of the natural elements would permit, I could hear those ejectors roaring out steam and not water. Now and then, as the craft rolled to leeward, the roar would cease, and I chuckled to myself at the idea of water coming out when, as a matter of fact, the outlet was merely under water and noise drowned. Not to labor this point too long, Carruthers, to my intense relief, eventually reported that the ejectors had been sufficiently cleared, and that the ingress of water was under command. I have since been told that an artificer cleared the ejector orifices.

In the early part of the first watch, I received an object lesson of what might happen if I did not keep my

nose pointed toward the enemy. It happened in this wise.

The compass light having become extinguished, the quartermaster had to steer as best he could by keeping the wind and drift full in his face, but since he apparently could not face the wind and spray (called 'flying spume' in novels), he had unconsciously turned his head away, and had thus allowed the craft to pay off about five points from the wind. The error was soon discovered by the ship being nearly thrown on her beam ends and a huge sea crashing along the upper deck. This immediately dissolved any doubts which may have lingered in my mind as to the wisdom of my policy of making the best use of my high bows. When I had got the craft's nose punching the elements again it was about 9 o'clock, and by this time I felt completely tired with life — such as it was. Feeling somewhat famished, and wishing to 'makee look see' the state of the ward room and mess decks, I toiled aft by short rushes. To an on-looker this would have proved a most ludicrous spectacle. My build does not lend itself to agility, and, on this occasion, besides being handicapped by an oilskin, I was stiff in every joint from holding on, also bruised and sore by collisions on the bridge, caused by my fairy form occasionally breaking away and taking charge until brought up all standing (or otherwise) by the lee-bridge rails. Thank goodness the bridge is too narrow to get much way on; and yet there are people who complain that it is too small.

It was indeed a most undignified proceeding to get aft. Hanging on to life lines more or less slack, crouching down to lower my centre of gravity with the lurch of the ship, dodging a sea behind the funnel, then swinging round a funnel guy that cut my hands, crawling along the deck like a dog,

bumping up against the sharp edges, of the tethered and unseated cowls, hugging the torpedo tubes for dear life until the ship got on an even keel, then a short rush to the nearest piece of fixed furniture — all this, exciting and troublesome as it was to me at the time, was far funnier in the abstract than in its concrete reality.

On descending to the half-deck it was evident that all was not well. On the deck there was just sufficient water flopping about to overflow the coamings of the cabins at the extreme end of the roll. A glance into my cabin satisfied me that my best frock coat had seen its best days. Some of the lower drawers had been jerked out and their contents littered on the floor where, in company with my boots, they swished from side to side.

Leaving this lugubrious sight, I turned my attention to the ward room, whence proceeded a hideous racket. It appeared that two ordinary chairs and the armchair were chasing one another from side to side of the mess, trying to conform with the movement of the ship. The armchair, owing to its width, was severely handicapped, inasmuch as it occasionally jammed between the centre-line stanchion and the bulkhead. The chairs, being lighter, and with a higher meta-centre, were more agile and frequently succeeded, when the ship gave an extra lurch, in jumping their heavier competitor. The settee cushions, aided by the water on the deck, also joined in the fun. To add to the enjoyment of the scene, I found that my stack of official papers formed part of the *débris* on the deck. On trying to save them, I discovered that the cruet-stand had broken loose and its condiments, together with the contents of a red-ink bottle and some pickles, had added considerable color to the effect. My Yost typewriter, which I had previ-

ously had tethered to the leg of the settee for safety, had evidently been biffed by the armchair when that piece of furniture had, in its mad career, evaded the stanchion and got home. As its wreck was obviously complete, I left it where it was and have since been offered three dollars for it by the Shanghai agents.

Tearing myself away from the fascination of this riotous circus, I then negotiated the pantry, where I found a huddled mass of Chinese 'boys' on the deck looking perfectly impassive as usual. On my stirring them to action, with a view to restoring better order among the ward-room furniture, my servant greeted me by saying, 'Makee plenty bad typhoon: bad joss.' I ordered him to produce me both food and drink, a demand he was very reluctant to obey. The Cheesai was sent down the manhole hatch of the storeroom to forage, but resented the water on the half-deck when, in its ebb and flow, it poured down his back. Eventually he produced a tin of Cambridge sausages, which he cleverly succeeded in opening and I with some agility in devouring. After managing to fill a soda-water bottle with whiskey and water, and pocketing it, I felt I had had quite enough of what is called our 'living space' in the 'Ship's Book,' and so commenced my return journey to the bridge.

As the pantomime to get there was similar to what I have already described, I will only relate one detail. In my voyage forward I had occasion to seek security by hanging on to the fore-and-aft awning ridge rope which stretches from the after funnel to the ensign staff stanchion. Feeling that the ship was about to take a header, and that it would be wise to anticipate a sea coming inboard, I hung to the ridge rope, letting my feet dangle. When she hit the succeeding sea the

ridge rope suddenly slackened to such an extent that my feet felt the deck and, for the moment, I thought the ridge rope had carried away, but to my astonishment, as I hung on, I felt it tauten out again like a bar. Thus it struck me how a destroyer can, thanks to the elasticity of modern steel, bend without breaking.

Midnight showed no promise of improvement as far as the elements were concerned. It was now blowing the most terrific gusts, and the craft was being subjected to the most alarming shocks. As the light increased, one could the better foresee the approaching seas as they topped before us. At times it seemed impossible that we could rise in time. The craft would take a header off the crest of one sea into the hollow of the succeeding one. As she dived one would look aghast and see, towering in front, a sheer cliff of water with an ugly boiling crest apparently about to engulf the ship. Instinctively one would hold on for dear life, maybe shut one's eyes and bow one's head, in anticipation of the inevitable deluge. Often, to my intense surprise, when I thought all must be up with us (and I was so fed up with the business that I fervently hoped then that the agony of it all would soon be short-circuited), she would rise to the occasion, but it was only to experience the same feeling again in a short time.

There were times when she got out of step: when, in taking her dive, she was naked (that is, not water-borne) up to the foremost funnel, and then woe betide one's innermost feelings if she took an acute belly-flopper. You know what I mean. I had experienced it to some extent in a thirty-knotter, but it was trivial to the shocks I felt the ship (and myself) sustain on these occasions. The water, hitting the naked form of the ship simultane-

ously throughout a large area, naturally struck her with immense force. The effect was to bring the craft up all-standing, and the blow would be followed by almost a human shivering, which was apt to make one think that the hull had not been able to withstand it. I need hardly tell you that we had been flopping ever since the typhoon had begun to make its force felt, in increasing ratio to the sea set up, and so I had become more case-hardened to it as nothing seriously resulted, but this particular morning-watch business was far more than was good for my nerves at times — 'fair give me the goose-skins,' as the housemaid said.

At 7 A.M. the aneroid had sunk to 28.05 and commenced to palpitate in a most extraordinary manner. The lowest reading was 27.87 (which corrected for temperature and height of the sea gave a minimum of 27.78). The rain almost ceased. Overhead it looked so bright as to imagine blue sky (the signalman declared he had seen it — but I cannot confirm his statement, I was more concerned in looking on the face of the waters); the wind had suddenly dropped to squalls with momentary lapses of calm. The sea presented a most remarkable sight; there was no consistency in its action. The cessation of rain and the brightness overhead permitted one to see for several miles. Only the crests were breaking, and they did not seem to care which way they fell; they just toppled over because they were too tall or too tired to remain standing up; the wind as a directive force had failed as an agent to keep them careering along. The ocean appeared a cauldron of steep cones, each acting independently of the other, the result being the utmost chaos; indeed, the sea had gone mad. Some of these pyramids would clash together on opposite courses and

the effect of impact would result in an angry water explosion. I was more than fearful I should encounter one of these columns of water, but Providence fortunately steered me clear.

A considerable number of fugitive land birds of various species (kingfishers, etc.), added interest to the scene, but (easy as it is to write calmly about it now) the prospect of what the lower half of the typhoon's semicircle had in store concerned my mind more than the marvels of nature afforded by its centre. Moreover, there was little time granted me to ruminate on these wonders, or for profound reflections, as the ship was wallowing like a pig, and I was asking myself, 'What next?' and 'How long, O Lord?' My mind and attention were both profoundly occupied. For the moment I could not help feeling cheery because 'all nature was [comparatively] smiling and gay' and every visible indication was promising, until contemplation brought me up all-standing to the fact that, after all, I had only got through one half of the typhoon; there still remained the other half to be negotiated. In football lingo 'half time' had been called.

By noon the wind had further veered to west by south, and it was a mighty comfort to note that the aneroid was well on its way up the next street, so to speak, as far as inches were concerned: it had reached 29.15, and this gave a rise of six and a half tenths in two hours. The force of the wind had also diminished to about 8. The rain was still torrential, but the sea was less confused. With the assistance of my First Lieutenant, I made efforts to conjecture the Exe's position on the chart, but the result hardly came under the conventional navigational expression of even an 'assumed position.' The chart was a sorry sight, as most of the paper was detached from its

cloth back and in a pulped condition, parts of it being washed away. Drawing on it a circle of thirty miles diameter, in the hope that it embraced me, I steered to the west-southwest, in which direction I hopefully reckoned to find land soonest.

At 2 P.M. the barometer was 29.32, with the wind west, blowing about 7. I then silently dared to congratulate the Exe that her 3/16-inch bottom plating was still intact, with that amount of steel still remaining between us, the devil, and the deep sea. My optimism, however, was short-lived, since the gunner came up and reported water spouting up into the fore mess deck from the 12-powder magazine. From an examination of the state of affairs, it was only too evident that both the 12- and 6-powder magazines were flooded. As it was found that, before and abaft these magazines, the compartments were comparatively dry, it was fairly obvious that the 3/16-inch bottom plating was no longer intact. Carruthers was soon to work, but, as you know, it was only possible to drain the magazines by allowing the water to pass through the slop room before it could reach the nearest ejector and be pumped out. This was permitted and, after about twenty minutes, the ejector, by belching steam, told the gratifying tale that it had done its work and the magazines were again dry. But after a quarter of an hour I was told that a perfect pandemonium appeared to be going on in the magazines. A personal diagnosis of the symptoms made it clear to me that this was caused by the ammunition boxes once more becoming afloat and violently colliding with one another, owing to the lurching and motion of the ship. As it was only waste of steam to again eject the water, I deemed it wisest to allow the magazines to refill and to remain so.

Meanwhile the vacant rivet-hole on the mess deck was plugged, and henceforth the riot in that infernal region was drowned. By 6 P.M. the aneroid was 29.75 and the wind, still westerly, rapidly decreasing in force below 6.

At 2 A.M. on Sunday (September 3), I thought I might possibly be inconveniently close to the Barren Islands. I, therefore, steamed slowly north and south until daylight, when, to my joy, I sighted some rocks to the southwest. Closing, I came to the conclusion they were the Barren Islands, both from their appearance and from the result of a chronometer sight taken by Domville. I then shaped course to pass the Saddles and to make the Gutsclaff Lighthouse off the southern entrance to the Yangtse. Shortly afterwards, and before sighting the Saddles, the color of the sea suddenly became like that of thick pea-soup (the yellow sea brew), and this induced me to stop and sound (my Thompson's sounding machine was damaged). The result being 25 fathoms, and sighting the Saddles almost simultaneously, I felt quite reassured of my position, as it was then plain that the yellow discolored water was the flood from the Yangtse, although we were over thirty miles off its mouth. So off we steamed with joy at our hearts, tempered, however, with fearful thoughts as to the safety of the Dee.

By this time the galley had been lighted, and never shall I be able to forget the delicious taste and refreshing feeling of the hot cup of cocoa I had on that occasion. During the height of the typhoon I had essayed to refresh my body with the contents of that soda-water bottle filled with whiskey and water which I had managed to bring on the bridge. I wonder now if I really ever drank any of it at all. I remember making a desperate effort to get some in my mouth while

clinging on to the pole of the gravity signal lamp, but what with the struggle to hold on and the deluge of spray, I was doubtful then, and am now, whether I was tasting water with whiskey or water with salt. I tried lying down on the bridge and training the bottle in a suitable direction, waiting for the roll to assist in gravitating some of it into my mouth. But it had been a ghastly failure, so I had deposited the bottle in the flashing-key box. My trusty yeoman of signals brought it triumphantly to me on arrival at Shanghai, and there I found it held but plain water, so, after all, I had been deceived by faith.

Having determined my exact geographical position and set the course in smooth water, I went with a full heart to my cabin. There I took off my sea-sodden clothes and (in that lipped saucepan, the so-called bath of a destroyer) I enjoyed a bath such as no sparrow ever did in a puddle. Getting into a boiled shirt with a necktie, and donning the only dry uniform left me, I sat down to my first meal (bar the sausages) for nearly forty-eight hours. How much I ate, and how much I enjoyed it, I cannot tell you. The only fly in the ointment of my satisfaction was the soreness of my sleepy salted eyes, my bruised, stiff, and exhausted body, and anxiety about the Dee. At 11 A.M. I arrived off the entrance to the Yangtse. Here, to my shame, I took a pilot. My excuse is that my large-scale chart of the river's entrance was destroyed and that I was dog-tired. Moreover, I possessed no pride at that particular time that was strong enough to prevent me from seizing some relaxation from the strain of the previous forty-eight hours. Except for sore eyes and general physical fatigue and mental weariness, life seemed remarkably sweet. The pilot had, to my intense relief, told me that

a destroyer similar in ugliness to the Exe had passed up the river two hours before me, so my cup of thankfulness was full, as it must have been my equally ugly twin sister the Dee.

On our way up the river to Woosung we went to prayers. The First Lieutenant read them forward abreast the mast, where I could hear from the bridge. I thought he performed that part of the church service (in the middle of the book, which applies to those who have recently been through perils on the high seas) with suitable feeling. I glanced over the bridge at my braves, and it was evident from the expression on their faces that they also thanked God for mercies received. Even those I had considered the most careless looked devout. Ah Kham, my Chinese servant, was also attending, and, sure enough, on his usually impassive face there seemed to lurk a strong suspicion, on this solemn occasion, that he was sympathetic to a certain amount of foreign-devil joss-pidgin. After prayers, efforts were made to 'tidy up' the upper deck. The dinghy had her outside bow smashed in, and its foremost davit was so bent that it declined to turn out. Three of the large cowls, unseated and battered out of shape, were, like savage dogs, chained up to the funnels. All the small copper cowls, which flank the after compass, were smashed flat and gave the appearance of crumpled brown paper. The pet awning bin was a complete wreck and its precious contents gone. The side rails on the starboard side amidships were flat, having, for some unaccountable reason, got bent outboard. The fancy wash-deck locker had ceased to exist as such. The jack-staff lay prone, but otherwise the fore-castle, thanks to the most extraordinary precautions taken by my estimable captain of the fore-castle, had suffered little damage ex-

cept where my five-hundredweight sinker had been browsing about at the end of its chain. My fourfold wireless aerial festooned from the topmast (which had bravely withstood the whip) in a tangled web. My wireless instruments were in a hopeless state (slightly out of adjustment, so to speak). The general havoc among clothes and mess-traps was woeful; and what the condition of the foremost magazines and storerooms could be in it was not possible to imagine.

The National Review

Owing to the weight of water in the magazines the Exe was disgracefully down by the head, bringing the top of her rudder above water. Truly we must have presented a pretty sight.

However, all perfect trips come to an end, and it was at 3 P.M. we passed the chow-water at the head of the English concession, and then sighted the Bonaventure. Soon after I was safely secured alongside the Dee at the P. & O. buoy.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

TIME was we heard the call of the road
 When we were young and gay,
 I and my Love from our own abode
 Out to the King's Highway.

We smelt the smell of the may in bloom
 And the miles of the scented hay
 When the greensward broke into flush and foam
 Out on the King's Highway.

We heard the sound of the feeding kine
 When dew ran silver and gray,
 The sweets of the night were better than wine
 Out on the King's Highway.

Now he has taken the road alone
 And I have no heart to stay:
 I would that I with my Love were gone
 Out on the King's Highway.

The King's Highway